

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO"

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME

TEN

Microsystems, Inc.

PROGRAM RECORD

DATE										
NAME		CLASS				ROOM				
	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM	SUBJECT	RM
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and oh it was dreadful." I'm stories demon ghosts are very cruel continued Phobie. Oh Joy I dont want to pass that awful place again I dont, I dont.

But I'm sure that as long as you dont go onto the place the demmons wouldnt do anything to you like that" urged Joy "I dont believe all demmons could be so dangerous, many are full of mischief and if the little Virian princesses won and drive them away, you might pass by there quite safely.

"I dont believe they'd ever win" said Phobia mournfully.

Before Gladys or Joy could answer someone turned the handle of the door.

"What in the world are you children doing with the door shut?" inquired a well known voice and Agnes, an unusually bright color in her cheeks and still wearing her red hat and jacket came hurriedly in.

She gave one glance at the three little solemn faces and then her manner changed and she added in a different tone

"Why: what in the world is the matter, has anything serious

happened?"

"Phobia is scared and very unhappy" said Joy solemnly.

"Unhappy? my poor little Phobia, but she will surely tell me about it."

Agnes hastily hungs her jacket, and sitting on the sofa between the children she drew Phobia to her side.

At the sound of the sweet sympathetic voice and the touch of the kind arm around her Phobia broke down once more and burying her face on Miss Agnes shoulder began to cry again as if her heart would break.

"I'm afraid to go pass

Mr Sesemanns gate again.
 "I saw something awful"

There was a pause.
 Some of the bright color
 had gone out of Agnes,
 but her arm had tight-
 end about the quivering
 child and when she
 spoke her voice though
 low and not quite steady
 was very firm.

"Would it really be
 as dangerous as that to
 even pass by the gate
 on the other side of the
 street?"

"Of course it would"
 said Phobie lifting
 her head, and speak-
 ing rather indignantly
 "evil spirits are the
 most dreadful things
 I've read about them

in books and I know of
 nine persons who got
 killed by their crazy pho-
 monomans too. Oh Miss
 Agnes dont you think
 you might be able to
 persuade my papa to
 move away from the
 neighbor hood. I dread to
 pass Mr Sesemanns
 house so very much".

"I might try" said
 Agnes smiling but
 perhaps it would not
 be of any use.

"Oh yes it would I'm
 sure it would" said
 Phobie eagerly. "that
 is it would if you
 could ask one of Pen-
 nod's sisters to ask
 your paa papa to
 do it for me. Oh

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Miss Agnes they love you so very much. Oh if you get one of them to help me I know I should be good and I'd try not to give you them any trouble in did indeed I would."

Miss Agnes laughed and all the pretty color came back into her cheeks.

"You funny little girl" she said kissing the flushed tear stained face "I suppose the little Virian girls were to say they would only see your father, on that plea on one condition what would happen them?"

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"What kind of condition?" inquired (Gladys) Phobia anxiously.

"The condition that you'd try to be a brave little girl, oh Phobia darling don't you understand the condition that you get them some extra help in fighting the devils."

For a moment ^{Phobia} sat and stared in blank amazement but joy who was three years older and who had caught the note of hope in Aggie's voice had already grasped the situation and flung both arms around her sisters neck.

"Oh Phobia" she cried

half laughing half crying "don't you understand what she means, 'you will get the farm you want and won't have to pass the gate of the horrid Soroman property if you if you will do them a farm. Oh Pholia wouldn't that make you happier?'"

"Happy?" repeated Pholia still somewhat bewildered "you mean that it's true that they are really and truly going to win on the evil spirits to clear the house of the devils?"

Agnes who now had an arm around each child and was hugging

them both - light only nodded,

"But they're so young and pretty and I thought old devils were so powerful. Oh Miss Agnes are you quite sure it's - true?"

"Quite sure" said Agnes kissing her "you will love them darling won't you, and they'll be good little friends to you"

Agnes got no further for with a shriek of uncontrollable delight Pholia had seized her in an embrace of such fervent enthusiasm that she was for the moment rendered quite breathless.

Ten minutes later Agnes looking extremely happy though her eyes were red and with a little girl clinging to each hand entered the library (not Resemans) where Mr Humdale and Mr Wentworth were sitting together engaged in earnest conversation.

At sight of her father Gladys dropped, Agnes h and and springing forward threw herself impetuously into his arms.

"Oh papa papa she cried half smothering him with kisses "I'm so

glad, so glad I don't know what to do. I feel as if I would like to fly."

And what has my two little friends Joy and Phoebe got to say to me" said Mr Wentworth drawing the girls to him after he had kissed Gladys heartily "as for you Joy are you you willing and have enough to help me aid the little Varrans and their mother, and help me help their friend the 'Octopus' to take care of them during the fight."

"Yes indeed" said Joy raising her face to be kissed. "I can hear

in Aggie's voice and see in her face that she's very happy and of course that makes me very happy too."

"How funny to think of my good papa aiding the little Virrains and their mother" cried Gladys clapping her hands and skipping about the room in the excess of her excitement and delight. "Why if Miss Agnes and papa help drive out the ban-shees that will make the little Virrains the best friends in the world, oh what oh what fun" and she went

off into peals of laughter in which she was joined by all the others.

"Here's just one difficulty in the matter" said Mr. Hinsdale who did not look quite so radiant as the rest of the party and as he spoke he slipped an arm about Joy who had left Mr. Wenthworth side and was now leaning lovingly against her grandfather's knee "and that is how do the friends work their crazy phenomena? I hope I'm not right in going to have to say that they might be doing all that from a distance

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without being in the buildings, and without any one knowing it, for if so I may as well say in the beginning that these little Verrans may just as well give up, though they will constantly say they shant do it."

"A slight shadow crept over every face except Gladys."

"Do you mean the evil spirits can fool any one and work their phenomena at a great distance and not at all be in the building?" asked Mr Wentworth.

"Exactly" said, Hindsdale "they could be

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as far away as New York city, and yet do it. Even as far away as Berlin Germany."

"I think the little Verrans must decide that question for themselves" said Mr Wentworth "though I am afraid I shall have a good deal of trouble to persuade Aggie to help the little Verrans, unless that mystery is solved."

Goy knows what to do. What do you say Goy?"

Goy's only answer was to slip one hand into Mr Hindsdale's and the other into her sister's for Agnes looking suddenly pale and troubled had come quickly to her side as if unable

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to bear even the thought of going into that dreadful place alone.

"What do you say Joy?" repeated Mr Wentworth looking anxiously at the child "every one wants to know"

"I can't exactly understand how it could be done" said Joy slowly "I haven't read much about demons, but I don't want to see them little Virriams give it up either for I love them so"

"Set's all fight together and leave the whole matter in the hands of God" proposed little

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Gladys "Mr Sesemann's 'crazy' house is big enough for everybody"

"Even for the terrible Mr Beelzebub" said Mr Hinsdale laughing.

"I do not mean him" she said indignantly "you know I couldn't have been so silly. There are enough of them there already, and we don't want him whatever devil he is"

Mr Hinsdale laughed again, and so did Mr Wentworth, but Aggie and Joy still looked troubled and puzzled.

"I'll tell you something" exclaimed Mr Wentworth with a sudden inspiration.

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I believe or I hope I have successfully thought of a solution of the difficulty. You have been looking for information on that order. In town Mr Hinsdale. I met my next door neighbor Miss Scott in the street yesterday and she told me that she heard all about the cause of the trouble in Mr Sese-mann's house and that she had decided to see to business herself and to get some priest she knows to help the others who are aiding the little vir-lans. She too decides

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to retire from business. The house is now for sale. so what is to prevent your buying it and have a door cut between it and Mr Sese-mann's "crazy" house" Then we can all use Mrs Scott's as our Headquarters and yet every one will be able to strongly concentrate against the evil spirits and if the fight at times wages too hot against us we can all retire safely to Mrs Scott's and renew our attack when we have breathing time"

"Good" exclaimed Mr Hinsdale looking immensely pleased and

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relieved "I'll go down town to morrow and have an interview with both the priest and the agent."

So the matter was settled much to the satisfaction of everyone and four or hours later in the afternoon of the next day Mr Hum-dale returned from down town bringing the delightful news that he had become the possessor of what was formerly Mrs Scotts boarding house and that workmen who feared not demons were soon to set about the

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task of converting the house into a very desirable headquarters.

Gladly jumped for joy when she heard the news and Agnes and Joy were almost too happy for words.

"I couldn't let you fight the Banshees alone Aggie even to please Prince Permod and his sisters" Joy whispered.

"And I couldn't have left you try it alone either" was her sisters prompt reply.

And so it is all settled" said Mr Wentworth lifting Joy onto his knee "and as Mr Hum-dale insists

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that we all keep the
Virrains fight the Powers
of Darkness in Seseemanns
'grove' house we hope
they will be able to win
in the end."

It was very very quiet
in the territory of Mr
Seseemanns Crazy house
a strange unusual hush
had fallen over the whole
district all tenants had
abandoned their homes
and every house owner
also terrified had gone
away or begged any
priest at any price
to relieve them of
their trouble.

For nearly three
miles all around
traffic of all kinds

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was rerouted, parents and
guardians forbade their
children to go even within
two blocks of Mr
Seseemanns house and
ever the harvest of all
people moved cautiously
past the place on the
other side of the street
and spoke about the
house and its grounds
in low awe struck
whisper.

Even superstitious
people who feared and
believed in ghosts would
have found a badly
house a haven com-
pared to Seseemanns
Crazy house. All
magazines, all news-
papers even story
books gave good account

of all that happened and was happening but most of all the attempts of the Virians and their helpers to expell the Powers of darkness and their successes and failures.

All through the long sunshiny May day the Octopus sat alone in the safer room under the attic sometimes trying to read, sometimes pacing the floor in restless impatience but most of the time sitting idly by with his elbows on the table in conference with a number of priests and a strange look-

ing very tall chinaman. Every little while he would interrupt the conference to rise and ~~steal~~ steal softly and cautiously down stairs to listen out side of the closed door of that big room with the domed ceiling but his ears never caught any other sound save an occasional low spoken question or answer from those within and the heavy sound of a moving object and strange sliding sounds.

On the other side of that closed door Pernod and her sisters were fearfully busy while

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Evans, Mrs Jerry, Father Carney and their father sat and watched carefully.

Outside in the district around these mans property for many days now, that same unbroken stillness had prevailed.

It was more than a week since Perrod and his sisters had started a desperate fight against the demons in earnest and every day the pain and growing discouragement at their hearts had been growing sharper and sharper at each failure repulse and dual disappointment.

They had been

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stormed with phenomena at every attempt.

The priests and the Octopus planned to erect alters in every room and hall in the building where Mass could be said in each simultaneously but the demons rose in diabolical fury and violently repulsed every attempt by phenomena fire, shaking the building like an earthquake upside down phenomena, wildly dancing rooms, fearful &c commotion, unbearable noise and most dangerous manifestations. Four times that day

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had a strange Cardinal and an Arch Bishop's carriage stopped before the main entrance and four times these two good men had gone into the room where the little Virgians were so busy.

On the last visit had said a few words in a low spoken voice which Gorge Virgians whose ears were always very unusually sharp had not failed to catch - "I think a week more will decide the question one way or the other."

Gorge had not said nothing then but when the Cardinal and Archbishop had left the room she had followed him softly to the head of the stairs.

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"Cardinal" she said and her voice was brave and steady in spite of the discouragement in her blue eyes "tell me the truth is there any hope of us winning? Will we have to give up?" and the kind Cardinal took the little girl's hand in his and answered a trifle unsteadily.

"my dear child it is up to God alone to decide the question. The fiends are more powerful than we are."

That was at five o'clock in the afternoon and now it was after seven and still there was no change no, expelling of the demons.

in Seseemanns house. For more than twelve hours steady the Virians had not stopped in their work at the Paloo, trying desperately though the other parts to it had not yet come but now Angeline gave a slight start, roused by a touch on her shoulder.

"My dear child" whispered the house-keeper "don't you think you and your sisters better go down and take a little dinner with the 'Octopus' It's been ready for more than half an hour but he's so

busy with his plans against the demons that he's never even thought about going into the dining room though he's usually so punctual about his meals."

Angeline made an impatient movement.

"We have no time to eat anything now" she said.

"yes dear I know how you and your sisters feel but it's for your sake I ask you to do it. It isn't good for you to go without your regular meals and besides I know the evil spirits want

you to weaken yourselves so you won't be able to continue, and the Octopus wouldn't work any further unless you're able to continue the battle with him, against the demons."

Still Angelina shook her head.

Hannah glanced appealingly at their mother.

"I think you little dears better go," the Empress said with cheerful decision.

"No one can expect any change for some time yet and I could send for you at any moment if I wanted

you you'll be breaking down you know if you don't take some rest and the demons will then take advantage of it and gain ground again, and then what will your child scout friends do when they hear of it and the demons drive you out again?"

"When the demons drive you out again"

How those discouraging words almost scared the little girls. They were the first discouraging words they had heard since they learned of Mr. Sessmann's house the Octopus and

Hannah had both been very kind in warning them to be careful but neither of them had spoken of the danger that the powers of darkness would gain headway if they allowed themselves to break down from overwork.

Their mother was a bright sensible woman and her daughters had come to rely rely upon her than any one else in the world.

Now they rose almost involuntarily Angeline being the first to the door.

"You will surely

call us if there is the slightest change?" she whispered.

Her mother nodded and with one more anxious glance at the Paloo, they left the room followed by old Hannah.

"Mr Tammern Coachman has just telephoned here" she said more for the sake of saying something than for any real interest she felt in the subject.

"They are in great trouble there their little girl Phobra Tammern is lost."

"Lost" Violet repeated pausing on the threshold of their own room Little Phobra lost how very dreadful.

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Are you sure its true?"
 "Yes it seems she disappeared sometime this afternoon and no one has been able to find her since though they've been looking every where. The nurse is in a terrible fright and they telephoned here to find out if by any possibility we knew where the child was.

The worst of it is Mr. Jammer is away he went out to the lake fishing for the day and they don't expect him back untill

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sometime this evening"

Pholia lost the little friend of whom Goy and Gladys was so fond. It was very dreadful, and yet each of the little girls found themselves wondering as they washed themselves and re-combed their hair why it was they did not feel more distressed at the sad news.

Perhaps to try and defeat them the demons were trying to make them become cold and heartless, they had fancied sometimes lately that they must be why

it was days and days, nights and nights, since they had continued the fight with hardly much sleep, and yet they did not seem to progress ahead at all.

The Powers of darkness had tried nearly every method known to them to frustrate the attempts of the little Virgins.

They went straight to the dining room, but found it empty save for the solemn priest Father Carney who stood rigid and silent behind the Octopus's Chair the picture of patient

submission to fate. Where is Paul Francis called the 'Octopus' Violet inquired.

"In the room under the attic Miss Violet. I've spoken to him three times and he's so busy I don't like to do it again for I'm afraid his temper won't stand it. Perhaps you won't object to reminding him - yourself Miss Violet as how dinner been on the table this half hour."

Violet nor her sisters made any answer but walked across the hall to the room beyond under the attic. There they paused.

The Octopus was certainly very kind, but she and her sisters suddenly remembered the fact that they all had been busy that they never had exchanged more than a dozen words with him each day since his arrival at Sese man.

They had met at meals it is true, but he had never talked very much when he ate and except for an occasional remark about the progress of the fight and the ordinary courtesies of good morning and good night they had sat together at the

table in almost unbroken silence.

The door stood partly open and Violet and her sisters could see Paul Francis by the table, the priests and others still there in conference.

He looked very determined and decided and they for the first time had the thoughts flashing through their mind that there might possibly be no other man in the world who could help them like the Octopus.

Hannah had told them that the Octopus alone could find a way to expel the Powers of darkness.

Could it be that he had really learned why the demons resisted so stubbornly and that it was not alone the conference that would bring about results.

It was a sudden thought and it brought with it the very first sensation of hope and encouragement that they had felt for as the days since they first knew of Mr. Resermans house.

Next moment Mr. Paul Francis felt a light touch on his arm and

turning his head with a start not staring for an instant at the pretty little girl beside him almost violet thought as if he did not recognize her. The others looked curious.

"What do you want? he asked in a strange low voice I am busy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing I only came to tell you that dinner is ready"

"How is the exorcising progressing? How does the Palo work?"

"Just the same. The powers of darkness are still at a standstill. My mother says she

does not expect any change for some time yet"

With a sigh the Octopus rose slowly to his feet. He said something to the others who bowed their heads in return and then walked a few steps towards the door, then came back and laid his heavily hand heavily on Violet's shoulder.

"You're very pale" he said in his harsh abrupt way "you work too hard against the power of darkness. You and your sisters ought to take some rest eat more and

get more sleep."

"Oh we are quite well though we do need rest" said Violet with a faint attempt at a smile "But we should not rest so much until Mr. Seremans house is cleared of the forces of evil."

"Did Jack Evans tell you that he telegraphed to New York for the rest of the parts belonging to the Palco?"

"No" said Violet, looking relieved.

"Well he has. I told him to. They arrived from Albreanna. They may come to Chicago this evening or its two days ago

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they were telegraphed for, with the help of all those connections we ought to be able to do something now "now let us come in to dinner"

Dinner passed off in the same unbroken silence as usual for a time.

Yet being hungry they ate quite a lot and the little girls were at least very thankful when the 'Octopus' at last pushed back his chair, and rose from the chair for they wished to join the conference as they had a lot to tell

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They were just leaving the dining room when Father Carney said:

"Sir had you heard the news about Mr. Turners little girl being lost?"

"Yes indeed I have" said the 'Octopus' and what's more I heard more than that. She has been found all-right, the coachman just run in to let us know. The queer thing about it is it was little Gladys Wentworth who spying on the Powers of darkness found her in the grounds near the Crazy Elm tree and never knew

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she was lost or even there. She was on the grounds herself trying to find out something about this place and what should she see all of a sudden but little Phobia right in front of the crazy tree crying fit to break her heart. Of course Gladys brought her right straight home."

Violet and her sisters were conscious of a feeling of something like relief. Little Phobia had been very good to them and especially she was a little girlfriend of Webber George Flannigan it would be